THE Holbourn Hector, OR THE CHARACTER OF A PROPHANE DEBAUCHED Gentleman.

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THE HOLBOURN HECTOR,

OR THE

Character of a Prophane Debauched Gallant.

MAn in general is the *Worlds Epitome*, but particularly the *Debauched* Hector resembles that, which is more antient, the old *Chaos*, when the numerous parts of the Universe lay confusedly therein, intermixed, and jumbled together without form, or order. He calls himself *Gentleman* (and may be so by decent) *sed Genus, et Proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*, and never was honest name more abused then this of *Gentleman*, since from a glorious title, by bad actions, it degenerates into the greatest disgrace, and infamy; common experience makes it appear, that it is in our Hector, of no better signification then this, to denote a Person of a licentious, and luxurious life and conversation; one whose sole indeavour is to do what he list, without controule, and commit villainy with applause; one that esteems it base, and the *indicium* of a low spirit to fear a *God*, to own a *Law*, or practice a *Religion*; one who has studied to bring all manner of vices into fashion; that he is ill bred in his fancy and appears *non a la mode*, that is not through paced in iniquity; and looks upon that man as ridiculous as an Antick, who will not without all scruple proclaime himself an Atheist: and from hence may be infer'd, that he is not improperly intitled to the name of *Spark*, since it carries so much of the *Fire of Hell* in its signification.

He tickles himself excessively in the pleasing appellation of a *brisk Gallant*, and in this is apt to fancy *charm* enough to bring even Heaven it self in love with him, since it hath engaged the affections of so many *Terrestrial Angels*, as he cals them: nay, he imagins that this Heaven must follow him, as

Trees did *Orpheus*; and certainly ſo it muſt, and with ſome ſpeed too, or he ſhall never ſee it, ſeeing he is always running, or poſting rather, the quit contrary way.

He may be truly called the *Devils Ghoſt*; for whileſt *Sathan* labours night and day to haunt and ſeduce others; this takes no leſs pains, in his unſeaſonable Rambles to Haunt the *Devil*: and doubtleſs, if he go but on half ſo faſt a while longer, as he has done of late, he will tire and puzzle the whole numerous *Hoſt of Hell* to invent variety of objects, anſwerable to that of humour.

You cannot affront him more, or engage your ſelf in a quarrel with him, then to call him good man, for it is a name he both ſcorns, and hates, and thinks it befits none, but the honeſt poor Labourer; and notwithſtanding his inſufferable pride, he will ſometimes beſtow it upon thoſe few *Tenants*, his prodigallity has ſpared him.

This Hector is a pretty, neat, phantaſtical Outſide, or ſuperficial part of a Man, and he that always dares to believe his eye, not unlikely now and then, he may be much deceived, as to think him ſomething, but a wiſe man none can imagin him, having too long ago ſhaked hands with his Reaſon. He is a well digeſted *Bundle* of moſt coſtly vanities, and is evermore tumbling up and down the ſtreets to ſhow himſelf, or obſerve what antick faſhions others wear, that by his glorious outſide, he may pollute his filthy inſide, and ſeems thereby to excuſe the many Vices, and Extravagancies he is guilty of.

A man may call him a *Book* of methodical *Errata's*, bound up in a velvet Cover, guilt with gold on the leaves, and boſt, and claſpt with Silver: read him over, and you will find his Errours not Caſual, but ſtudied, and from the total you may gather, that ſometimes he knows how to ſin ingeniouſly.

He is a *Cabinet* curiouſly wrought with much coſt and ſplendour on the outſide; open it, you ſhall find it cram'd, with *Bawdy-ſongs*, *Cards*, *Dice*, and other deluſive trumpery, which were better quite empty, then ſo emptily full. He is a piece of ordinary *Clay*, ſtuck round with *Briſtol Diamonds*; pretty ſparkling things, which, for a time, might perhaps make a gay ſhow in a *Fools Cap*, but in a *Lapi-*

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daries ſhop, among true ſtones, have only ſo much luſtre left, as will prove themſelves to be but counterfeit: ſuch a *Silly Glow-worm* may glitter in the dark, like a ſtar of the *Leſſer Magnitude*, but it's ſplendour is totally eclipſed with the Riſing Sun, or *Man of Wiſdom*. It is no ſmall advantage for this fine glittering *Gallant* to live in this night of the World, where that very darkneſs of Ignorance, which obſcures the great Virtues of ſo many Good men, is the only thing, which makes his *Wild-fires*, *Squibs*, and *Crackers*, ſo viſible as to be taken notice of.

He is the Rich *Scabbard* of a *Leaden Spirit*, and that very dulneſs of Mettal makes him to indure ſo long in the world; whileſt the Keener Zeal of nobler Souls ſoon makes their way for them through the *Scabbard* into Heaven. He is a proud ſtrutting hopping *Jay*, with her gawdy borrowed feathers; when deplumed of them, ſhe may be well aſhamed of her nakedneſs, by indeavouring to appear that which of her ſelf ſhe was incapable to be. I do heartily wiſh he would give us no reaſon to call him *The painted Sepulchre of a Soul dead in Sins, and Treſpaſſes*. If this compariſon will ever fit any man, that is no Hypocrite, certainly it is the *Swagger-Damme whoring Gallant*.

He is a mans *Skinful* of rottenneſs, and profaneſs; *Pondoras Box* of diſeaſes; a *Gold Watch Caſe*, with out the regular *Movement*; a *ſtately ſtructure* fild full of *Rubbiſh*; or the *Devils Bed Chamber* hung with Arras of Gods own making. He is no better then a *Promethean man*, and at beſt, but a lump of animated *dirt*, kneaded into humane ſhape; and if he have any ſuch thing as a Soul (as one would doubt thereof, ſince he is ſo careleſs of its Salvation) it ſeems to be patched up of *Bravery*, and *debauchery*.

His conſtant ſtudy is to teach his Body, how to put affronts upon his Soul; and to give him the lie, who dare tell him there are any hopes to be Saved: he Laughs at thoſe, that tell him, there is any other Heaven, then that of his own Creating; any other happyneſs, beſides his pleaſure; or an Hell diverſe from that, which Chriſtianity has objected to the Cowards Fancy. He has the Courage to be any thing but what he ſhould be; an Honeſt man, or a good Chriſtian.

His generall imploy is to ſcorn all Buſineſs, but the ſtudy of the Modes, and various vices of theſe times, and herein he will rack his Brains, and Rob his Soul of her reſt, to find out amorous intrigues, and lay politick ſtratagems for ſenſuall ſatisfaction, it is his Task ever to be doing nothing to a Good, but much to a Bad, or no purpoſe, ſuch a vain Shadow, or Picture is he, that were there no more than himſelf, a man might boldly affirm, there were no ſuch Creature as a Man in the World. He is a Peice of old Iron, lying uſeleſs on the Earth, till his Soul be even eaten away with Ruſt, and Idleneſs. God made him a Man, but to prove himſelf his own God, by a ſecond Creation, he indeavours by ſenſuallity, to make himſelf a Beaſt, and is much helped herein, by the ill Preſident of his Parent, which makes his Child (according to the ſaying) over early his *Fathers own Son*; yet truely without that bad example, it is a great rarity in this Laſcivious Age to ſee the Earlieſt Morning of youth, unclouded by the Fumes and Vapours of luſtful deſires.

He was ſent too haſtily (being too young) to the Univerſity, or Inns of Court; and that before he well knew what belonged to a Country School; whether he comes, not to get Law, nor Learning but to inable him to talk hereafter of the Cuſtomes, and faſhions of either Place. In the Univerſity he gets him a Tutor, for faſhion ſake, who muſt have an eſpecial care, that in the making the Scholar he ſpoile not the Gentleman. At the Inns of Court, he firſt Studies how to make Choice of his boon and moſt commonly Debauched Companions; inſteed of Mooting, how to raile at the Statutes, and break all good orders; how to wear a Gawdy Suit, and a Torn Gown, and at each place ſell more Books in a quarter of an hour, than he had bought him in a Twelve month, his pretences are (after the neglect of the Liberal Arts, and Sciences) to Study, and follow the Law, but 'tis his reſolution never to know, or obey it; if in any meaſure, he apply himſelf to it, it is to no other end, then that he may know how to Plead for himſelf, when he breaks it.

When you look on his Apparel, you will be apt to ſay, he wears his Heaven upon his Back, and it is to be feared,

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that there you ſee as much of it, as he ever ſhall. He is ſo gaudily fine, as if he reſolved not only to make his Body a Lure for Chaſt Beauties to become his Miſſes, and the Devil his Maſter, indeavouring by this means to Tempt the Temptor to be in love with him. His Suit ſeems to be of Lace, or Ribbon trimed with Cloath; and by his variety of faſhions he goes nigh to cheat his Creditors, who for this reaſon, dare never ſwear him to be the ſame man they formerly dealt withal, his Mercer may very well be affraid to looſe him in a Labyrinth of his own Silks, or Stuffs, which hang ſo looſely about him, as if it wear ever ready to fly a way for fear of the Serjeant.

As he grows up more a man, he Steps up from Foppery, Emptineſs, and Drollery, to *Scurrillity* and *Obloquie*, when at every Step he Tramples the reputation of the Honeſt, and Ingenious in the Duſt. Labouring to beſpatter with the Dirt of Infamy, and Diſgrace, every name and reputation that ſtands above his own; throwing the Blackeſt Dirt upon the faireſt face, where it may certainly do the greateſt Miſcief, and be moſt conſpicuous. Neither are his diſcourſes leſs beaſtly, then diabolical, leſs filthy than malicious; ſo obſcene are his Expreſſions, that it ſeemes nature ſpoiled him in the making, and ſet his Mouth at the wrong end of his Body; and his Pallate is ſo vitiated, that he can reliſh juſt nothing but the Excrements of Diſcourſe.

How does he delight to dwell upon the ſore place of an obſcene Poem; and in that, never commends the Poet more for any thing, than his infirmities, and never likes him better, than when at the cloſe of every Period, he commits Lip Adultery.

The greateſt grace and ornament of his diſcourſe he accounts Swearing, and often ſwears *that Soul not to be worth a damning which will not freely ſin without a temptation.* How many horrible and hideous oaths doth he dayly invent, only to make his words ſound high, and Big in the Ears of thoſe that Tremble not to hear him: and when he ſets his face againſt the Heavens, embaſſing his Diſcourſe with a Rumbling Thundering Oath, he then begins to think himſelf an Orator with a Witneſs. From whence you may ga

ther,

ther, of what Religion he is, or rather none at all; if he be of any Religion, the chief ceremony thereof (next to that of Blaſpheming his Creator) is luſtily to Curſe the Devil, and to declaim both againſt Heaven and Hell in one breath: It is ſeldom that he ſays his Prayers, becauſe he had rather choſe to Starve his Soul to all Eternity, than to receive Salvation it ſelf, at the condeſcention, and exſpence of a Petition. He leaves ſuch Oraizons to thoſe faint hearted Creatures, as have not the Courage to undergo with alacrity the Torments of Hell Fire, who will ſtoop ſo low, as to beg an Heaven on their Knees.

Now if the Gallant have no Eſtate, as it often happens, he makes his Vices his Trade, and ſo Trafficks firſt for a Living, and then for Damnation, the Tavern for the moſt part is his Exchange, where having prepared the way for one Wickedneſs by another, ſome Drunken cheat is uſually the Enriching Bargain; and this when diſcover'd, muſt paſs for an ingenious Frolick, or a well laid ſucceſsful intrigue. Here he Lives drinking out the day, unleſs he be forced to ſleep out the laſt Nights intemperance, this is the Stage of his Wits, and his Wantonneſs, and a Gaming Ordinary his Exchequer. He thinks himſelf a Champion when he can Kick two down Stairs at once, the Drawer and his Bottle, and Sound the Allarm to the Skirmiſh, in a loud noiſe of new Faſhion'd Oaths and Curſes; after this walks the Streets as Light in his Head, as his Purſe, and much oftner Salutes the Pavement, then the Paſſengers, he Drinks as Stoutly as if he meant to carry Liquor enough with him to quench the Flames of Hell.

To conclude; the Debauched Gallant is a Guilded Sinner, or a Royal ſlave, and that hates no name ſo much, as that of Chriſtian; becauſe he is affraid it would make him Melancholy. He Travels over the wide World of Sin till he have as little Mony, as Religion, and no more Credit, then Mony, by which means, he is either conſtrained to Lye hid, and ſo become his own Priſoner, or Mortgage his Body to a Goal, for a Lodging; where I Leave him to the Mercy of the Almighty, for ſelf Conviction and Converſion.

FINIS.

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